## PERSIMMON BRIGADE.

## An Account of Service from the Diary of an Officer.

By CAPT, MANIUS BUCHANAN, Portland, Ore.

I have been requested to write a brief history of the Persimmon Brigade for publication in The National Tribune. While I am not in possession of all the facts necessary to write a complete history of this organization, yet I can give a fair account of it, based on my diary of my army life. I do not have to depend on moment for what is sat down bearing an memory for what is set down herein, so, if any render finds an error, it must be attributed to a misunderstanding of the events at the time. As my diary was a nal memoir, to a large extent, so this

will be.

1 had previously served a limited term in Co. B, 29th Ind. While at home re-cruiting my health, I had used my powers of persuasion to recruit all able-bodied young men for any branch of the service they might select. While so engaged the call came for six-months men. I do not recollect the date of this call, but think it was about the 15th of July, 1863; neither I recollect when it first occurred to me to organize a company for this service. I did not keep up my diary while at home, therefore in this have to depend on mem-ory. I do know that I took a special carload of recruits from Butler, Waterloo and Corunna, Ind., to Indianapolis on July 31. We went into Camp Carrington, where we found a goodly number in advance of us. I immediately returned to De Kalb County for more men. I found it very difficult to get men, as the suitable material that would voluntarily go was exhausted. But men were wanted, and they were wanted in a hurry: so we accepted broken-down ex-soldiers, old men and boys-in fact, anything that wore

I have seen the statement that "this brigade was organized to meet an emergency," but I must confess to a duliness of vision in not being able to see the emergency then nor in the light of future history. But I did see that the organiza-

ion was a hurried one.

I returned to camp with more recruits on Aug. 10. We were mustered into serv ice on the 13th, and mustered in as Co. D. 118th Ind. Vols. on Sept. 3. The 115th and 117th were mustered in at the same camp about the same time, and the 116th was mustered at Lafayette. These four regiments constituted what was known afterward as the "Persimmon Brigade. Its first commander was Col. John I Mahan—at least history says so, but I must confess that I have no recollection of Col. Mahan; Col. Jackson, of the 118th, was its only commander in my personal

On a careful review of its personnel, I found that other company organizers had done as I had—accepted everything that offered, and as a result we were a brigade of boys with a sprinkling of ex-soldiers. I think that fully one-half were under 19, and, while they were all 18 or over, on the muster-rolls, a great many of them had muster-rolls, a great many of them had been born less than 16 years before. No one was rejected by the Examining Surgeon. We had formed the idea that we were wanted for camp or guard duty, to relieve old veterans needed at the front.

We spared no pains to make these ung boys well-drilled soldiers, and we young boys well-drilled soldiers, and we found the younger boys the most apt scholars. In a couple of weeks they could acquit themselves with credit.

EN ROUTE TO KENTUCKY.

Sept. 16 we broke camp and paraded the streets of Indianapolis and received a handsome and patriotic ovation, the men shouting themselves hoarse and the women and children waving bats and handkerchiefs and throwing fruit and flowers at us. Although only partially drilled and equipped, yet we thought we were compe-tent to do the expected guard duty any where; but we were to see our woful mistake about the guard daty. We got into comfortable cars and left Indianapobut in our far-away homes there were many tear-stained faces and aching hearts for the dear boys that may never come back. In Cincinnati we were given a bountiful dinner by the citizens. We crossed to Covington late in the evening and immediately boarded palace hog cars there are were not for form and immediately boarded palace hog cars. —these cars were not fit for a man to go into, but they became our place of bed and board for one day and two nights—expecting to start South, but did not get off until 11 a. m. of the 18th. We arrived at Nicholasville, Ky., at 11 p. m., but as it was night and we had no tents. but as it was night and we had no tents. we had to remain in these hog cars until next morning. We had been in these wretched receptacles for hogs for 40 hours, with little to eat and less sleep.

After the officers got a good ready, on the morning of the 19th we fell in and marched four miles south and formed our first field camp and called it "Camp Park," Here we drew our tents-"pup and other camp equipage, went to housekeeping on our own hook. The officers made such an effectual kick, or strike we call it now, that one small "A" tent was issued to each company. We remained in Camp Park four days, wondering what was coming next and drilling, when it was not too hot.

WEARISOME MARCH. Sept. 24 we started, apparently for Cumberland Gap, a long and wearisome march. The weather was very hot and dry, the roads very dusty, and the boys, like all new troops, started with from 60 to 70 pounds per man, including tents, blankets, ponchos, overcoats, change of clothing, cooking and table ware, guns, reconterments and ammunition. They accouterments and ammunition. were all tender, and some had never don hard day's labor in their lives. they did sweat! Mile after mile, day after day, they trudged wearily and patiently along; sometimes we couldn't see the boy for the mixture of sweat and dust on his Soon overcoats were discarded, to be followed later by extra clothing, and then by blankets and ammunition. Some of these things would soon be needed, and needed soldier will make any sacrifice rather than

be left behind. About noon of Oct. 3 we crossed over Cumberland Gap and went into camp in a cove on the southeast slope. We had arrived at the long-hoped-for goal, sore footed, sore shouldered, tired all over, with hopes for a complete rest. We had marched 125 miles in nine days; not a very fast march under ordinary circumstances, but considering the hot weather, the scarcity of food and water, the mountainous character of the country, the greenness and youth of the troops, I call it remarkable. At least, we were sadly in need of rest. We spent two days here, resting, but not idle. All took a good wash and clean-up, and then we what was worth seeing. We climbed the foraging to keep the wolf from our door— Pinnacle and from its top had a grand he looked in occasionally to see his cap-Pinnacle and from its top had a grand he looked in occasionally to see his view of the surrounding country; we investigated the mysteries of Red Beard's

10 a. m., and commenced the ascent of Clinch Mountain in a downpour of rain. Soaked and tired, the men toiled patiently up the mountain, but at last that difficulty, like so many others, was overcome and the top was reached. The rain had ceased, the sun was shining and the men spread themselves on the ground to dry off; but they were scarcely disposed before an order came to return and help the wagons up. This was tough, but military orders must be obeyed. We descended ceased, the sun was shining and the men t be obeyed. We descended through Bean's Station and d Holston River just at dark and

Oct. 8 we rested and started late, passed through Morristown about noon, turned east, went two miles farther and

went into camp.
Oct. 9 we passed through Russellville
and encamped near Bull's Gap. By this
time we had come to the conclusion that East Tennessee was a pretty good place to soldier in. The weather was cool and pleasant, and the water was good and plentiful and there was not much dust. It is true that provisions were scarce and getting scarcer, with little hope of im provement, but persimmons were in their prime. We found them a good addition to our scanty menu, but we had to be careful not to get a green one, lest we "pucker up." I wondered how the few "pucker up." I wondered how the few people left in this country were going to subsist when the persimmons were gone, for it seemed foraged so dry that there was absolutely nothing left for man or

such a panic at Jonesboro and Greenewille that Shackelford's men raced back to
Bull's Gap, 18 miles, while Jones and his
party were making equally good time in
the opposite direction, fearing that Shackelford would be upon them in overwhelming force if he did not. This backward
race was one of the most ludicrous incidents of the war, though the laugh was
rather the heartier on the wrong side."

Greeley may be correct in ascribing our
"race back to Bull's Gap" to fear of Gen.
Jones, but I think he is "way off."

Jones, but I think he is "way off."

I must be remembered that on this selfsame
id day, Nov. 6, 1863. Gen. Burnside had his
gight at Campbell's Station with Longstreet, and had been forced to fall back
on Knoxville the same night that we
traced back to Bull's Gap." Common
prudence would daitate that we unite out
force in this section and select a strong
position and prepare for defense against the
sum of the same night that we
force in this section and select a strong
position and prepare for defense against and
the opposite direction, fearing that Shackelford would be upon them in overwhelmis great the heartier on the wrong side."

Greeley may be correct in ascribing our
"race back to Bull's Gap" to fear of Gen.
Jones, but I think he is "way off."

I made an effort on my lwon hook to get
without sugar.

Street, and had been forced to fall back
on Knoxville the same night that we
that evening we got only a little blue beet,
and supped on beef without sugar.

I made an effort on my lwon hook to get
will though that little blue beet,
and supped on beef without sugar.

I made an effort on my lwon hook to get
will though that little blue beet,
and supped on beef without sugar.

I made an effort on my lwon hook to get
will though that little blue beet,
and supped on beef without sugar.

I made an effort on my lwon hook to get
will though that little blue beet,
and supped on beef without sugar.

I made an effort on my lwon hook to get
will though that little blue beet,
and supped on beef without

"raced back to Bull's Gap." Common prudence would dictate that we unite our forces in this section and select a strong position and prepare for defense against any force that Longstreet might send against us. That position was Bull's Gap. Perhaps it was a race to secure this position. At any rate, we started late in the evening and marched all night, arriving at Bull's Gap the morning of the 7th. This was a hard night's march, and we lost a number of men who fell behind and were never heard of again.

I made an effort on my gwn hook to get some provisions, but it was not to be had. We went to bed hungry; we woke the had. We went to bed hungry; we woke the had. We went to bed hungry; we woke up hungrier.

We spent the 22d in camp resting, if men can be said to rest while starving. On the 23d we drew a few clothes for the most naked, and a little more beef—cured on the bones of the cattle while coming through Kentucky's hot sun. I never tried to eat such beef before.

Nov. 24 we broke camp and started and formed in line of battle before day-light, ready to renew the battle.



"THE TATTERED BAGS OFFERED BUT LITTLE PROTECTION FROM THE BITING BLAST.", small, otherwise it would have killed ing, and it seemed as if the boys breathed | marched only six miles and camped at

inspiration from coming events, and, full of life and song and joke, our hardships were forgotten in present enjoyment.

About 10 o'clock a cloud of dust rolled up noon, perhaps waiting in the hope of getin our rear, and soon an order was passed along our lines to "Halt and clear the road." An order that was promptly obeyed. Many of the boys, at once taking advantage of their release from the ranks, many times and we were not ashamed to

As soon as the Ninth Corps was clear of us we fell in and followed after at a quick march. About noon we came in hearing of firing in our front. It grew louder as we advanced. We soon arrived near Blue Springs, where a small battle was being fought. We were held in reserve. Night closed the contest. We lay on our arms all night, under orders to renew the fight at daylight. At daylight the enemy was gone. Some of the boys expressed disappointment—they wanted to get into a battle; but I wasn't a bit sorry. I think our forces were commanded by Gen. Shackelford and the rebels by Maj. Gen. Sam Jones. Our loss was reported at 75 killed and the rebels at 150. My diary does not state when the Persimmon Brigade became a part of Gen. Wilcox' Division, but that was the position at this time, and so we remained until we started home. On the 11th we followed the rebels, passed through Greeneville a couple of miles and encamped. The cavalry folwed farther and went into camp.

RECRUITING LOYAL MOUNTAINEERS. We remained in the section of country loyal mountaineers from extreme Eastern vantage of our proximity and sought protection under the Stars and Stripes. think three regiments of these refugees were recruited, organized and mustered into the United States service under our aegis. They had been hiding in the mountains to escape conscription or assassination, and they were glad to accept an opportunity to do some square fighting.

These mountaineers were very ignorant in the ways of the world. They knew little of politics, but they had imbibed the idea that the war was to perpetuate or destroy slavery. They hated slavery, but had no love for the "nigger." They rea-soned, further, that to destroy slavery was to get rid of the negro—in some way. They knew absolutely nothing about military matters. They were intensely loval and anxious to learn, but so awkward. They were organized into squads and drilled by men detailed for that purpose, and they got lots of fun out of it at the

expense of the mountaineers. RACE FOR BULL'S GAP.

Our life at Greeneville was not all fun. When not scouting, foraging or picketing we were drilling. It took a great deal of add to our entertainment the two Joneses We marched again at 7 o'clock Oct. 6, and the hope that we would garrison Cumberland Gap was dissipated. We until Nov. 6. On this marched back into camp, passed through Tazewell at 2 Cumberland Gap was dissipated. We until Nov. 6. On this morning we repassed through Tazewell at 3 p. m. and ceived at an early hour the order, "Preencamped six miles south. Started early pare to march at a moment's notice." but on the 7th, crossed the Clinch River about remained ready packed until late in the evening. Our actions on this day can be best explained by quoting from "Greeley's American Conflict": "Shackelford now took post at Jonesboro (subsequent to the battle of Blue Springs), with a part of his command, under Wilcox, at Greeneville, with two regiments and a battery under Col. Israel Garrard, 7th Ohio Cav., at Rogersville, where they were attacked by 1,200 mounted men under Brig. Gen. W. E. Jones, acting under the orders of Maj.-Gen. Sam Jones, who struck them at day-

ting grub before starting, as our larder was bare; but none came. We broke camp and started up the Clinch Mountain into comfortable cars and left Indianapo-lis at 8 p. m. and arrived at Cincinnati at 4 p. m. the next day. During the day this was a triumphal ride. Crowds were gath-ered at every station to cheer us on our way. Some people do the handsome thing when somebody else's boy is making the sacrifice. Along the route fruit, flowers, smiles and kisses were showered upon us, but in our far-away homes there were horses out of mortar beds. The men-seemed to have imbibed the idea that they were between the rebels and starvation, and they worked with supreme en-ergy to extricate themselves. At last the untain was crossed, and Clinch River

> Pitchy darkness soon enveloped us and the rain had increased to torrents, but we continued to flounder along. The condition of the weaker men became fearful; many fell out from sheer exhaustion; some of these straggled on and finally rejoined their commands; but others perished from exposure or were picked up by rebel

MIDNIGHT FORAGING.

About 11 o'clock we stopped to rest. Volunteers were called for to go after something to eat-one commissioned officer and 10 men from each regiment. I was one that volunteered. We were all tired, but we were also very hungry. We soon started. The rain continued, and so did started. The rain continued, and so did the mud. After an extra two-mile wade we arrived at a farmer's house. I went to the door and knocked; no answer. I knocked louder; still no answer. We then knocked with the butt of a gun, and the farmer, to save his door, waked and answered. I told him to open his door. This he at first refused to do, but I soon persuaded him that it was best for him to do so. I requested him to come out and call his hogs.

"I have no hogs," he said.

"Come out and call, anyhow," I This, with the use of a bayonet, we succeded in coaxing him to do. He called up eight fine hogs. Other details coming up, we divided these, and one hog was the portion for the 118th. We soon had it skinned and quartered. The others were served likewise. The farmer was joined by his wife, sons and daughters, and they held a regular pow-wow-they cried in base, tenor, treble and alto; but it did not phase us. They wailed that that meant starvation to them. We answered that we were starving now. Their grief was hanged by greenbacks to rejoicing a little

later. I had given my men orders not to ransack the premises, but from some mysterious source every haversack was filled with apples, little and sour, but very palatable. We waded our way back to camp with our meat, and it was soon sliced up and divided, about a quarter pound per man, and generally eaten raw. Those who were fortunate to have a cracker left could put a thin slice of raw meat between two pieces of cracker and have a morsel fit for a king. Sitting around your tables groaning under loads of luxuries, you may think "How disgusthave no fine cookeries on your boards that

taste as delicious to you as that raw pork did to those half-starved boys. After resting about three hours (we that went on the detail had traveled four hard miles extra) and eating our meal of pork and coffee, we started again, it still rain ing and as dark as Erebus. The mud seemed deeper than ever. Woe to the weak man who stumbled and fell; he was sure to be trampled upon and injured, and he was doomed to stay behind, perhaps

FACING STARVATION.

We arrived at Tazewell at 4 a. m. and stood around in the mud until daylight, when-perhaps because there was no grul there—we started again for Cumberland Gap. The rain continued; so did the mud. The great wonder is that any men endured to the end, but a few did. We arrived at the Gap at 2 p. m. I had as large a company as was in the regiment, and I had Gen. Sam Jones, who struck them at day-light (Nov. 6), surprising and easily rout-ing them with a loss of four guns, 36 wagons and 750 prisoners, and creating daylight, as there was no effort then to

lost a number of men who fell bemnu and were never heard of again.

As soon as fairly settled down at Bull's Gap we commenced fortifying. This was new work to us, but we soon became proficient with pick and shovel, and gradulicient with pick and shovel wi beast to eat.

ACQUIRING A SOBRIQUET.

Oct. 10 is a memorable day in the history of our brigade—the day on which we acquired the name of "Persimmon Knockers," afterward changed to "Persimmon Brigade." It was a beautiful, cool morn-Brigade." It was a beautiful, cool morn-Brigade. On the 19th we acquired the name of "Persimmon Knockers," afterward changed to "Persimmon Brigade." It was a beautiful, cool morn-Brigade. On the 19th we acquired the name of "Persimmon Knockers," afterward changed to "Persimmon Knockers," afterward changed to "Persimmon Brigade." It was a beautiful, cool morn-Brigade. On the 19th we acquired the name of "Persimmon Knockers," afterward changed to "Persimmon Brigade." It was a beautiful, cool morn-Brigade. On the 19th we acquired the name of "Persimmon Knockers," afterward changed to "Persimmon Brigade." It was a beautiful, cool morn-Brigade. On the 19th we stept almost like the dead.

Like the balance of the article, in the above I have referred to the part taken by my company and self only. The caverage of fasting, hard marching and exposure, we slept almost like the dead.

Like the balance of the article, in the above I have referred to the part taken by my company and self only. The caverage of fasting, hard marching and exposure, we slept almost like the dead.

Like the balance of the article, in the above I have referred to the part taken by my company and self only. Cav., had been skirmishing for two days and were reported out of ammunition.

> early. When the head of the column cluded to advance and meet it at Walker's turned toward Tazewell there were more Ford. The 118th and 116th Ind. were murmurings by these usually patient boys. Sent in advance and thrown across the As we did not expect to go far there was As we did-not expect to go far there was no special effort to get men in ranks. If they felt that they could march with us, they fell in; if they did not feel able to march in the ranks, we left them to straggle after as best they could. As we moved by a slaughter yard I saw Bill Fisher sitting "astraddle" of a dried beef head that had lain in the sum many a day, nicking among the hones for scraps of ville. picking among the bones for scraps of ville, dried meat and cating it. I left him in the enjoyment of his, to me, disgusting meal, and 70 wounded; we (regiment) lost one and I had little hope of ever seeing poor killed and 14 wounded; the rebel loss was estimated at 70 killed and 300 wounded.

We arrived at Tazewell (12 miles) at 11 a. m. and went into camp on the bill northwest of town. Several parties of for-agers are out and are searching farms and houses of friend and foe alike. The case is getting desperate. As we marched toward the sun to-day I looked to see how many it took to make a shadow; I found a little shadow behind the fourteenth man. We have gone to bed breadless for the sixth time; to be more specific, we drew two days' rations of crackers on the morning of the 18th, at Bull's Gap, and we have drawn nothing of the bread kind

Nov. 27-We are all happy. Some of the foragers found a farmer's cache of wheat for his Winter's bread. They took it to a "corn-cracker" and ran it through, smut and all. I do not know what to call the product. It was dished out, about a quarter pound each, and the men mixed it with water—we had nothing else—and baked it on ramrods, tin plates or on a board before the fire, and we called it bread, and ate it. It was tough, leathery and black, and, when coldinas hard as a brickbat and about as digestible. It was a good thing for us that the ration was so every mother's son of us. The men are reduced to skin and bone, and I do not think this stuff very fattening. They have not clothing enough to cover their skeletons. Winter is coming on-the blankets and extra clothing were thrown away long ago; what clothing they have on is worn to shreds and their feet are camp and started up the Chilch Mountain hungry, tired and discouraged. It commenced to rain about the same time. I think it always rains on Clinch Mountain. This mountain road is a miserable one at the commence of the comm

flour was issued, but with it, and far better, some cornmeal. The men's hunger is satisfied the first time for two weeks. Altouch at home, yet no other food was ever so enjoyed. Four men came into camp to-day whom we had lost on the night of the 20th-21st. Overcome with fatigue and hunger they had dropped out, lain down, gone to sleep and woke up in rebel hands. The rebels, in the same fix for food as we, had kept them awhile and then al lowed them to wander off. They had managed somehow to get back to our lines.

Every effort was made to save their lives, but they all died. Dec. 1-Four days of complete except a little guard duty, with plenty to eat, has wrought wonders. The men ap-pear their old selves; their eyes are bright heir step elastic and their songs enliven the camp. They appear ready for the further hardships prospectively ahead of us. The air is full of rumors of fighting beyond the Clinch on the Knoxville road. "They smell the battle afar off" and are anxious to be in it. We are under orders to be in readiness at a moment's notice bought our sutler's supply of shoes, 21 pairs, for \$63, and have distributed to those most needy. I hope Co. D will not leave any bloody tracks.

THE BATTLE OF WALKER'S FORD.

Dec. 2-We were called early, but did 80 rounds of ammunition. We marched leisurely for eight miles. We could now hear the rattle of musketry in the distant south. A courier came, and our time was changed to "double-quick." We arrived at Walker's Ford, 12 miles, at 11 a. m We rested a few moments and then marched to the water's edge; we saw float-ing ice, and, realizing how cold it was, all drew back with a shiver. There was a momentary halt. The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the regiment and Major rode up to lead us across, but instead of riding into the water they dismounted and each seized a small boy and swung him into the saddle and they went in afoot, saying: "Come on, boys!" The boys went, of course, but it seems as if yet I could hear those short, catchy breaths when the jey waters came upon their warm bodies. The river was about 30 feet wide and four feet deep, and the water seemed a little below zero. After shaking ourselves we marched south. The readfruns up a defile with quite steep sides, We went up this the parting foe. A few more, and then canyon about two miles, when, being close to the skirmishing cayalry, we were divided, one-half of our regiment going up the hillside to the right- and the other to the left. Our skirmish line was thrown out and the caralty relieved. My company was on the extreme right wing of the reserve. The skirmishers were im-mediately hotly engaged at While we were under fire we were not firing, except an oc-casional shot by special order or permission of Maj. Saylor, who commanded our wing. After holding the rebels at bay for four

hours, some one chanced to look up the hill to our right and said: "Look there!" We all looked. There came a long line of bayonets bearing down upon us and to our rear. The Major's commands rang out sharp and quick: "Aftention! About face! cinity of Tazewell at dark and quietly Exercised! Download the town and closed in on it. Forward! Double-quick! Every man take care of himself!" And away we went, at 10 p. m. We expected to bag some pell-mell. Some ran down to and along the road, while most ran along the hillside as Soon after midnight we left in two the least infested with rebel bullets, which now zipped around us quite lively. We other to Big Springs. We did not catch ran about a mile, when, being clear of the flank charge, we halted and reformed in the rear of the 116th, which had crossed and pressed a few farmers and their

no bread ration. I will now quote from and were reported out of ammunition my diary: my diary:
Nov. 26—Broke camp and marched was threatened with a real attack, he con-

> The cavalry lost in this fight seven killed While we were taking our deserved rest and sleep others buried the dead.

SCOUTING AND FORAGING.

On the 4th I and most of my company went south on the Knoxville road to scout and do picket duty. I established headquarters about four miles south of the river. We had the satisfaction of bring-ing in a rebel Lieutenant and two privates as prisoners. They belonged to the 2d Ala. On the 6th we rested again. On

For two weeks our camp remained in and sometimes we were not. We had to picket, scout and forage—and a great deal of the last. We had to forage for all we ate, and the breadstuff had to be taken to a country mill and ground. Sometimes the rebels got the grain and the mill, too; then we got whole corn in the ear as a ration. Sometimes the mill race would freeze up; then we had to cut the ice out before the mill would start.

Hanna, who was First Sergeant of our company, issue corn in the ear as the only ration. On these marches men were so exhausted that they fell and literally died into a country mill and ground. Sometimes the rebels got the grain and the mill, too; then we got whole corn in the ear as the only ration. On these marches men were so exhausted that they fell and literally died into a country mill and ground. Sometimes the rebels got the grain and the mill, too; there eaten by hogs. I have seen the snow stained with blood from the feet of the men. When I think of it now it seems incredible that men could survive such hardships.

expectantly all day, and then camped on the same ground. On the 21st we marched to Walker's Ford and camped on the north side. On the 22d marched back to Tazewell and went into camp on the Tazewell and taz

intimate associate and my right-hand man in all times of need; we interview the sutler, and, loaded with his choicest canned goods, we go to the top of a near by mountain and eat a quiet and solitary dinner. Here, surrounded by nature i its grandest mood, we forget the cares of camp and the sufferings of comrades in a short, selfish rest. I think we both went to sleep after a full dinner, spread out in the genial sunshine on the mountain top.

COLD NEW YEAR'S DAY,

Jan. 1-Whew!! It was warm at taps last night. A light, drizzling rain had prevailed during the evening, with no indications of the unusual; but the wind changed to the northwest, and it grew cold fast; the rain changed to snow, and by 2 o'clock the boys were frozen out of their pup-tents and forced to build fires to save perishing. Unfortunately the supply of fuel on hand was soon exhausted, and the boys, true to soldierly instincts, used a nearby fence to carry them through till morning. It happened that there was a strict order against using this fence, and as a result we, the commanders of companies camped along that fence, were all placed under arrest the next morning. But in that awful cold wind that can sweeping down from Cumberland's peaks one side froze while the other was The tattered rags that halfing out. covered the boys offered but little protec-tion from the biting blast. But we grinned and bore it until daylight; hot coffee and a warm sun brought relief. was about four inches deep and the ther-

mometer was below zero.

On the 10th and 11th we marched back o Tazewell and went into camp on the northwest of town. Here we carried on our old camp life-picketing, foraging, chasing some rebel party or being chased by them. We managed to keep up more appetite than we did grub.

In the night of Jan. 19 we were sud-denly awakened by distant shots, the clattering of horses' hoof and the long roll. In a moment we were in line orders and trying to peer into darkness, but we could see nothing. There was a big hubbub down in town—shooting, shouting, clattering of hoofs, but we could do nothing, as we did not know where friend or foe was. This lasted only a few minutes; then the hoof-beats indicated the retreat of a body of cavalry. Then a battery stationed near barked angrily and a shell whizzed away to the south to speed the usual quiet resumed its sway over the camp and we returned to bed to sleep as peacefully as at home.

Morning developed that a body of 300

or 400 rebel cavalry had charged over our picket and camp guards, captured Commissary Department, and then hastily retreated before they could be surrounded. They inflicted very little damage. They wounded one man. It was a bold dash, but it accomplished nothing more than to disturb our slumber.

On the 24th we evacuated our works at Tazewell and retired across the Powell River. On the 26th we moved to over to our support. It was an agreeable surprise to see how easily and quickly these new soldiers were halted and reformed in line of battle.

Soon after this the rebels ran a field-piece down close to our front, placing it in position on a knoll and prepared to

Feb. 10—We rested until late in the day, then broke camp and started toward home. Blessed be nothing, it does not take the Persimmon Brigade long to pack up and start on a journey. We marched six miles. Although the journey ahead of us is long and wearisome and the boys are in poor condition to make it, being weak and emaciated from hard service and want of proper food, yet the bright.

Kosser says "I had said my piece" about Naglee's Brigade being the first to cross Bottoms Bridge in 1862. To show how easy it is to be mistaken, especially in regard to events which occurred so long ago, permit me to state a few facts, as recorded at the time and on the spot.

I, too, kept a diary during my three

easy. We arrived at Nicholasville on the 19th and at Indianapolis on the 21st. The men scatter to enjoy the city or go to their homes, and the officers go to work on reports, pay rolls, etc.

March 3—The necessary papers are all prepared and the boys are gathering from

the four corners of the State preparatory to being mustered out of Uncle Sam's service to-morrow. This day is given up to a review of the past and a heart-to-heart talk of the future. Before to-morrow's setting sun we who have been so closely drawn together by hardships, suffering and mutual sacrifices—and there is nothing else that knits so closely a bond of friendship—will have taken our sepa-rate paths, most of us never to meet again in life. , March 4-We were mustered out and

paid off, its members became private citizens, and the Persimmon Brigade existed at 8 p. m." no more except in history.

HARDSHIPS ENDURED DURING SIX MONTHS' SERVICE.

Some readers of the foregoing cursory eccount of my connection with the Perof it may think that I have too highly colored it; but, instead, I have been very conservative, and to prove this I wish to note from the Indianapolis Journal of "Those who have talked with the of-

ficers and men who served in the Persim-

mon Brigade, officers who saw previous and subsequent service in Eastern and Western armies in the field, will come to the conclusion that Washington's army in Winter quarters at Valley Forge saw no severer hardships or keener sufferings than did the six months' men in Eastern Tennessee during November and December, 1863, and January and February, 1864. Indeed, if the account of sufferings and privations did not come from such reliable citizens as Capt. Jas. T. Layman, Adjt. S. K. Fletcher, Hon. S. M. Cham-bers and ex-Lieut.-Gov. Hanna, they might well be doubted. Capt. Layman read from a stained and worn memoran-dum book which he carried in his pocket the notes which he had made at the time.

From October to January the 2d Ala. On the 6th we rested again. On the 7th marched back to Tazewell and It was the severest Winter known in that went into camp on the southeast of town. Also made out pay rolls. Dec. 8 was our first pay-day. We were paid up to Nov. 1. The first use of the money received by those to whom I had furnished shoes was to walk up to the Captain's tent and pay for these shoes. There were no interest winter known in that region for years—much zero weather, with snow on the ground for several weeks. Beyond a few pair of shoes, no clothing was issued to us. The men bound up their feet in pieces of blankets. The hides of cattle slaughtered were made into more than the property of the prope for those shoes. There were no intoxi-cants kept in our camp, and I saw no quarters, but were marching and countermarching over the country continually.

\* \* Several times I have seen To Hanna, who was First Sergeant of our

reeze up; then we had to cut the ice out before the mill would start.

Dec. 20 we fell in early, stood around expectantly all day, and then camped on "With such a record of faithful and "With such a record of faithful and "With such a record of faithful and "The start of the st

Tazewell and went into camp on the northeast of town. The 23d was spent in expecting marching orders. On the 24th we did march, and to Walker's Ford; crossed the river, wading its icy waters again; went two miles south and encamped.

Dec. 25 we marched 10 miles to Monroe Gap and formed camp. This is Christmas Day, and, wishing to have a dinner out of the ordinary, I call out my most intimate associate and my right-hand of loss been continued for three and twoof loss been continued for three and twothird years, we would have all been mustered out by death.

Kilpatrick's Raid.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Referring to my letter published in The National Tribune of Jan 22, I beg to call your attention to a couple of errors therein. You make me say: "Garrard said: \* \* You will march at 10 o'clock in the morning, so as to conceal your movements from the enemy;" and, again. "I marched from camp at Decatur at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 18th." If you will refer to my manuscript you will find that I said "1 o'clock," in both instances; the context few minutes after 10 o'clock a. m., July 4, 1863, and marched directly into the

that I said: "on the left, or north." The did duty as provost guards until about entire of my division was practically on Oct. 1, following.

Senator Mason's Bounty Bill. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I am inlisted prior to July 22, 1861, a bounty of Ill., Corning, Kan. \$150. I, and many others, enlisted in 1861, and did not receive any greater bounty than those who enrolled before July 22. I enlisted Sept. 11; received no rightly informed, those who enlisted before July 22 also received \$100 bounty. I bill so as to include all soldiers who received not over \$200 bounty in all?—H. E. HOUGHTALING, Co. K, 10th Wis., Hastings, Neb.

## Dr. Shoop's **Rheumatic Cure**

Costs Nothing If It Fails,

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is im-possible. But I can cure the discovery

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 30 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. I will send you my book about Rhenma. I will send you my book about Rh

will send you my book about Rhenma-ism, and an order for the medicine. Take tisin, and an order for the mentenne. Take it for a month, as it won't harm you anyway. If it fails, it is free, and I leave the decision with you. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 531, Racine, Wis.

BOTTOMS BRIDGE.

The 7th Mass. Claims Honor of First Crosse

ing. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the issue of Dec. 19, 1901, Comrade W. H. Rosser says "I had said my piece" about

I, too, kept a diary during my three years' service, and I copy the following

as written at the time in question: "May 17, 1862—The regiment (7th Mass.) took the advance, as yesterday, and drove the enemy nearly to Bottoms Bridge, when we encamped for the night, after putting out a heavy picket line to

guard against any surprise.

"May 20—One of Co. C and one of Co.
B were wounded and a Sergeant taken prisoner while on a reconnoissance near Bottoms Bridge. "May 21—Our pickets along the Chick-

May 21—Our pickets along the Chick-ahominy, under the unofficial command of Private Yoodles, crossed Bottoms Bridge just before daylight this morning and ex-changed shots with the rebel cavalry and drove them to the rear. Col. Russell, being informed of the fact, sent our colors across the river at 6 a. m.; the remainder of the regiment crossed over, and, in company with the 8th Pa. Cav., drove the rebs some distance and established our pickets. The regiment returned to camp

If the 52d Pa. crossed Bottoms Bridge first, I wish to ask why they came back and left the Johnnies in full possession until the 7th Mass, crossed and found

them yet guarding it?

I will refer Comrade Rosser to the following Official Records of the Rebellion, Series 1, Vol. XI, Part 1, page 641,

"Camp near Bottoms Bridge;

"General: I have the honor to report the result of a reconnoissance made by Maj. Harlow and party of Col. Russell's 7th Mass. Vols. this morning, the party consisting of Capts. Holman's and Whitcomb's companies; got into the skirts of the woods this side just before daylight. "Capt. Holman saw the bridge. It ap-

peared to be blown up in the center. They were fired upon on reaching the woods from rifle pits on the opposite bank. One Sergeant is missing and one man wounded. (Signed) "E. D. KEYES, "Brigadier-General Commanding Fourth

Corps." Page 642:

Page 642:

"May 21; 6:45 a. m.

"General: I have the honor to report that at daylight this morning Col. Russell pushed one of his companies across at Bottoms Bridge. His companies on the railroad have also thrown a picket over at that point. He has of the former, besides his own four companies a reciment. sides his own four companies, a regiment to support him. He reports that during the night he partly laid the railroad bridge, so that infantry can pass, and that he can soon repair Bottoms Bridge. "E. D. KEYES,

"Brigadier-General, Commanding Fourth Corps.

Page 645, Brig.-Gen. John Peck says: "This movement by Gen. Casey on my "This movement by Gen. Casey on my front was wholly unnecessary, inasmuch as the ground was already occupied by Col. Russell's 7th Mass., placed there by Gen. Couch, and the whole of my command being in hand."

As none of the above official reports make mention of the 52d Pa. being present at the first crossing of Bottoms Bridge, it must be conceded that the 7th Mass. was the first to cross, as all official reports on the subject so record it.

was the first to cross, as all official reports on the subject so record it.

If Comrade Rosser will furnish official records (as we have done) that the 52d Pa. was the first to cross, we will meekly sit down. Until he does we shall continue to hold the rooster aloft and let him crow.—A. A. SEAVERNS, C. E., 7tl. Mass., North Scituate, Mass.

ENTERING VICKSBURG.

Did the 4th Minn. Find the Illinois Command

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In The National Tribune of Feb. 5, D. L. Wellman, Frazee, Minn., claims the 4th Minn. was the first regiment to march into the eity of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. He admits Gen. Logan's Division, Gen. Leggett commanding First Brigade, led by the 45th Ill., was the first inside the works, but camped on the Jackson road. Now, the

facts are just as Gen. Leggett stated them in his official report, which reads: "My brigade, led by the 45th Ill., was honored with the privilege of being the

"Not one of our men was on the left, or right, of that road." I think you will find There the regiment went into camp, and

the right, or scuth, of the McDonough Comrade Wellman says that the 4th road.—R. H. G. Minty, Brigadier Gen-Minn, did not reach the city until 4 or 5 o'clock p. m. That being the case, the 4th Minn, found the 45th Ill, doing business in the city, and their flag waving over the Court House, where it had been formed that Senator Mason, of Illinois, has incee before 12 o'clock of that eventful introduced a bill to give soldiers who en-

Starving Prisoners at Camp Lamb.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was born July 22. I enlisted Sept. 11; received no State or Town bounty, and only \$100 and reared at Wilmington, N. C., and bounty from the U. S. Government, and when I was only a boy 14 years of age, after the war an additional \$100. If I am the rebels brought upwards of 3,000 Yankee prisoners to Camp Lamb, in a starving and naked condition, with cheeks sunken served over three years, and was severely wounded at Chickamauga, and get only \$8 and the shadow of death plainly manifest in their hollow eyes. A multitude of nepension. Why not amend Senator Mason's in their hollow eyes. A multitude of ne-groes was there, with baskets filled with food, but the rebels would not permit them to give one piece of bread to those starv-ing Union soldiers. The line was drawn, and nobody was permitted to pass with

Although only a boy, I made up my mind that, "come what may," I would get some food to those starving prisoners, who would die for the negro race.

There was an old-fashioned well in one

part of the prison-ground, with the old box and windlass. I made my way to this old well, being careful not to be detected, and by crawling and rolling and creeping, I finally arrived at the side of the old box well. I pried one of the boards off the side of the old box and patiently waited for some poor, starving prisoner to come for water, the only article which they were allowed to take to keep up their

bony joints into lesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles Dr., Shoops' Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month and, if it succeeds, the cost is only \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay your druggist myself.

I have no samples, because any mediate the top, and as the prisoner was reaching the top. fails, I will pay your druggist myself.

I have no samples, because any medicine that can affect Rheumatism quickly for it, with parched tongue and starving must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of he blood.
My remedy does that, even in the most baskets of bread, and they were large baskets too, in the bosoms of those Union

American War, with Co. E, 3d O. but I am happy to say that no sights similar to those at Camp Lamb met my gaze. If any o'd veterans should remember the Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggests.